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AVERAGE NET PAID CIRCULATION FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1919 WAS 15,422.

I, Lyle W. McFetridge, Assistant circulation manager, do solemnly swear that the average net paid circulation of the Daily and Sunday World for the month of October, 1919 was to the best of my knowledge and belief as follows:

Average net paid regular issue 15,422

Oklahoma City strike extras 6,19

Total average net paid 21,422

Lyle W. MCFETRIDGE
Assistant Circulation Manager

Subscribed and sworn before me this 1st day of November, 1919.

MARK KELLY
Notary Public

My commission expires October 17, 1921.

PHONE 6000 FOR ALL DEPARTMENTS

Daily Biblical Quotation

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.
Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. John 4:14.

See, the streams of living waters,

Springing from eternal love,

Well supply thy sons and daughters,

And all fear of want remove.

Give me this water, that I thirst not. John 4:15.

A FAR REACHING DECISION.

William O. Jenkins was a consular agent of the United States in Mexico. He was abducted by Mexican bandits, or soldiers, and a ransom demand made. The failure of his own government to act with firmness and dispatch forced him to negotiate his own release, which he accomplished by the payment of \$150,000 in cash and obligations.

It very properly it seems to us, appealed to his government to support him in demanding reimbursement at the hands of the Mexican government. After considering the matter for some days the state department at Washington Thursday rendered its decision and in doing so gave notice of a foreign policy of far-reaching effects. Briefly stated that policy is this:

Mr. Jenkins must effect his own reimbursement unless he can prove that the Mexican government was negligent in affording him protection. The fact that he was an official of the United States does not affect the reasoning. Americans in Mexico can expect no help from their government unless they can prove that the Mexican government discriminated against them in affording protection to its nationals.

Of course no evidence is required to convince everyone that this peculiar argument originated in Mexico City and was only "accepted" in Washington. Certainly Carranza could ask nothing better—or more humiliating to the United States. Aside from the fact that it is a flareback to the diplomacy of Bryan, who stated it somewhat differently when he degraded the state portfolio, it is especially contemptible in view of the circumstances existing at the present moment. And it is diametrically opposed to the long expected doctrine.

If a government is not to be held accountable to another government for the acts of its nationals, then what boots it whether there are diplomatic representatives or not? If the burden of proof is on a national of this government, officially accredited to the government of Mexico, to prove that the government of Mexico was derelict in its obligations as between two friendly powers when it permits that officially accredited representative to be kidnapped, treated with great indignation and forced to purchase his life by assuming enormous obligations, then of what moment is this government?

Is it urged that this stultifying, humiliating doctrine is to guide our foreign relations in the future? Then God hasten a change in the personnel of the state department! The practice of other governments, in the case of Mr. Jenkins, would have impelled a curt and undebatable demand on the Mexican government for the person of Mr. Jenkins unharmed and without cost to the United States; in the event of Mr. Jenkins purchasing his own release, as has occurred, the Mexican government would be required to reimburse him in full. Carranza's refusal in either case would have put an army on his frontier.

In other words, it has not been the policy of our own government to permit any other government to plead its inability to control its nationals, nor is such the policy of any other government of the first magnitude in the world today.

The new way may be the better way. They say the air is vibrant with voices of the new day. Maybe so. Maybe not. But we have never heard them, and we are thankful for that. In this matter, as in many others, we adhere to the intense virile nationalism of old.

Bennie's Notebook

The Park Ave. News.

Weather: Pleasant. Business Notes: Sid Haas went in the manufacturing business last week, starting to make dog kennels out of soap boxes down his street, having one almost made now, but making him a little to finish it off he gets orders for it.

Sisterly: Miss Mary Watkins was taking her horseback riding lesson on Saturday morning, and suddenly the pony stood still and wouldn't go either direction, and after setting there in vain for about 10 minutes Miss Watkins calmly got off in a dignified manner and went home.

Poems by Skinny Martin.

Everything in Its Place. See the bewhiffed callers in the rainbow in the sky! But who would want to be called like that?

Of course not. Neither would I.

Intriguing Fucks About Intriguing

COL. WATTERSON'S PERIOD.

Col. Henry Watterson, the grand old man of American journalism, and for half a century a virile character in the history of his country, wrote in the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post, the final period in his altogether delightful memoirs. The series has been running for some months under the title "Looking Backward," a somewhat unintentional platitude of Edward Bellamy's work, and is soon to appear in book form but under another name.

No autobiography of recent years has so attracted and held the public as has this written in the infinite Watterson style and filled with flashes of wit, satire, anecdote and philosophy. It is not only literature of the best and purest vintage; it is a distinct contribution to the history of the epoch.

An editor and publisher of one of the most influential papers of the nation—Colonel Watterson's newspaper—in command the respect of his fellow and the public. During his early years he was a stalwart patrism, yet he managed always to maintain certain standards dear to the heart of the born newspaper man. He never relinquished them, but of recent years he has come to be a sort of pitiless possession of the newspaper profession.

The respect the editor-in-chief has ever had for him has ripened into something very close akin to a profound love and affection. He is to thousands of journalists who have never looked upon his face a sort of inspiration, preceptor and mentor of his craft. It is doubtful if any other American editor enjoyed so much of the love and esteem of fellow workers as the sage of Louisville, now quietly and happily spending his last days at his Kentucky country home with "the one woman in all the world."

His latest, and perhaps last, volume will find its way into every well selected American library. And the final chapter of that volume will find an answering echo in the heart of every man who has lived a full life and approaches the end with that calm philosophy which only a sense of reasonable decency can kindle.

INTERESTING BUT NOT ALARMING.

The declaration of the Women's National party that "war will be declared on men for equal control in the political arena, to be waged with pitiless relentlessness until woman receives equality if not supremacy," is interesting but not at all alarming. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. John Rogers and Miss Doris Stevens are the commanding generals of the new amazon. Filled with a holy enthusiasm for their new fad they are led into impetuous actions as well as words.

There are several reasons why our lady friends are doomed to bitter disappointment. The first that occurs, and it is serious, is the disposition to create another class movement as the first act of a newly enfranchised section of public opinion. Any class movement is doomed to failure in America. A sex class can expect no different fate from other classes.

Quite aside from that, however, if the suffragettes, now that they have received the franchise, are determined to continue as militiamen and demand rather than deserve recognition and equality, there are a sufficient number of home-loving, womanly women in these United States to march to the polls and squelch them. And they'll do it too.

Considerable anxiety has been expressed as to how it would be possible to get the real female women of the nation interested in politics. Mrs. Belmont and associates seem to be solving the problem for us. Given sufficient rope they may be depended on to conduct themselves in such a manner as to bring our wives and mothers and daughters and sweethearts to the polls with a whoop. And once they get there, it will be crepe and orange blossoms for Mrs. B. and her radical sisters.

Every real man, whether he be saint or sinner, feels honored to be permitted to stand in the presence of a womanly woman with her young. We can conceive of no real man entertaining sentiments other than disgust for the militant suffragettes. We thank God for our women. But only our womanly women.

Oklahoma Outbursts

BY OTIS LORTON.

Speaking of confidence in fellow men, how about that Chickasha man who leaves a couple of tons of coal slacked up in his yard when the rest of town is out of coal?

One of the Tulsa guards in the front line trenches near Henryton reports that war is just what Sherman said it is. He says he has not been able to take a bath in two days.

Consternation reigns in one Great Bend home, reports Bill Townsley. By mistake the young lady used powdered alum, and up to this morning her gentleman friend can't even whistle.

The new city manager at McAlester starts out like his intended to do business without the aid, comfort and advice of city politicians. If he stays on the job six months we are going to become a convert to the idea.

R. E. B. says: And all this ill-will and acrimony and egotism is manifested in half of the treaty of peace and a league to prevent strife. O, consistency! Thou art more than a jewel, thou are as rare as a live-bone steak.

We noticed a young lady skipping along yesterday with all the freedom of movement of a Greek dancer, but the young man in attendance had to use both arms in easing her down four inches from the sidewalk to the pavement.

The new city manager at McAlester starts out like his intended to do business without the aid, comfort and advice of city politicians. If he stays on the job six months we are going to become a convert to the idea.

There does not seem to be any abatement of the epidemic which has been raging among Oklahoma judges. The latest rumor is that Matthew J. Kane of the supreme court will resign next week to come to Tulsa as counsel for an oil company. If Justice Kane resigns Judge Clark will probably be appointed to the vacancy.

People: Lou Ervin says a fair is coming to his store and he would like to have some like it for a house of fun.

Musical Notes: Paul Remick, a green driver in the piano department by accident, and now he can't practice any more till the man comes to get him again.

Lost and Found: Found a part of a package of unused sticks plaster half pink and half black. Who can have it by paying reward to gain favor.

Forewarning: A great scarcity of seals. Seismic disturbances are increasing in the third degree of east longitude.

Misnoid: Comes under the sway of the stars, making for personal flights in politics where long established traditions may be overthrown.

Persons whose birth date it has the anomaly of an unusually active year, but they should avoid speculation, which will surely be unfruitful.

Children born on this day are likely to be active and enterprising. Those subjects of Seemore usually inclined to be extravagant and girls may marry very young. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News Syndicate.)

The Horoscope

The stars incline, but do not compel.

Saturday, November 8, 1919.

Astrologers read this as a rather

soulful day. Although Mars is in

the rainbow in the sky.

But who would want to be called like that?

Of course not. Neither would I.

Intriguing Facts About Intriguing

My Husband and I

By JANE PHILIPS

so divided between joy and sorrow—the latter always uppermost in spite of Edith and other blessings I had enjoyed.

Several times he stirred uneasily, and once I caught my name. But a moment after I thought of Mahel Norton and any softness his mutterings might have brought was immediately overshadowed, cast aside by disagreeable reflections.

A Child's Influence.

I had not heard the door open and was surprised when Edith hopped to my side. She glanced down at my hand held tight in Clifford's and smiled happily, just then opening his eyes. Edith darted to the other side of the bed, and slipping her tiny

fingers into his other hand said faintly.

"There! daddy, you'll get well now, won't he mamma?"

"I hope so dear," I replied as he smiled at her.

"You will, won't you, daddy?"

"If mamma will help me." He replied, turning on his pillow to look at me.

"Of course she will help you, and so will I, and so will Miss Newton and Mandy, and—all of us."

"Then I surely will get well. But mamma doesn't say she will help."

"But of course she will, won't she?" she appealed to me.

"I will do all I can," I answered faintly.

"There! now you've got to get well right off," and she ran from the room. In a few moments I heard her tell Miss Newton that her daddy was going to get well, and that she better the doctor said evidently much relieved. He slept better, and really seemed quite hungry.

For days the subject of my leaving tomorrow—The end of the road.

was not again mentioned, but I often caught Clifford's eyes following me as I moved about the room with the same longing look in them I had enjoyed before.

"He was better. Much better," she told me.

"Then he slept better, and really seemed quite hungry."

Tomorrow—The end of the road.

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